"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIAL 6M

'The Awakening'

EPISODE ONE

by

Eric Pringle

SUPOSE CAM — Opening Titles:

TELECINE 1:

Ext. Farm Yard. Day.

Wolsey's farm. The noise of hooves approaching very fast.

JANE HAMPDEN is coming in through a gate, wearing shirt jeans and boots.

JANE is a forceful, down-to-earth school-teacher.

JANE looks around as the noise bears down: now it is thundering through the yard. Bewildered, she starts to run for cover as the TWO HORSEMEN gallop into sight, one carrying a banner.

The TWO HORSEMEN wear Seventeenth Century battledress and their faces are masked by helmets.

JANE tries to run out of the way but they ride her down: at the last second she presses into a barn wall and they go clattering past.

JANE: (SHOUTS) Idiots, you'll kill somebody!

The HORSEMAN with the banner lowers it like a lance and charges her.

JANE manages to reach the barn door and dives inside.

1. INT. BARN. DAY.

(JANE TUMBLES IN.

THE FLOOR IS STREWN WITH TACKLE AND FODDER AND BALES OF HAY.

JANE SITS ON THE FLOOR, GATHERING HER SENSES.

A HUGE MAN DRESSED LIKE ONE OF CROMWELL'S IRONSHIRTS MOVES OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND BENDS OVER HER)

JANE: Don't touch me.

(EFFORTLESSLY HE LIFTS HER AND PUTS HER ON HER FEET)

Get off!

(THE MAN REMOVES HIS HELMET. IT IS WOLSEY, A BURLY, GENTLE, MILD-MANNERED FARMER OF ABOUT FORTY)

WOLSEY: It's only me.

JANE: You're mad - all of you.

WOLSEY: Nonsense, my dear, it's just a bit of fun.

JANE: Fun?

(THE BARN DOORS ARE THROWN OPEN AND TWO MEN BURST IN. IT IS SIR JOHN HUTCHINSON AND JOSEPH WILLOW, DRESSED AS ROYALISTS THE TWO HORSEMEN WHO HARRASSED JANE IN THE YARD.

HUTCHINSON IS A DAPPER, MILITARY MAN WITH A CAVALIER MOUSTACHE AND A NO-NONSENSE AUTHORITATIVE MANNER. HE SPEAKS WITH THE CONFIDENT ASSERTIVENESS OF A MAN USED TO INSTANT OBEDIENCE.

WILLOW, HIS LAND AGENT AND GENERAL HENCHMAN, IS A SOLID, FLORID MAN.

JANE EYES THEM UP AND DOWN)

Sir John - you must stop this stupid War Game.

HUTCHINSON: Why? You of all people - a schoolteacher - should appreciate the value of re-enacting actual events...It's a living history!

JANE: It's getting out of hand. The village is in turmoil.

HUTCHINSON: (LAUGHS IT OFF) So there's been a little damage. (cont...)

HUTCHINSON: (cont) It's a game, we must expect high spirits.

JANE: Not when people could get hurt. It must stop.

HUTCHINSON: And so it shall. We have but one last battle to fight. Join us. See the merit of what we do.

(JANE HESITATES FOR A MOMENT)

JANE: All right.

(HUTCHINSON SMILES AT WOLSEY.

THEN THEY EXIT)

2. INT. TARDIS CORRIDOR.

(KAMILION STANDS BEFORE AN OPEN ROUNDAL.

HE INSERTS HIS HAND INTO THE ROUNDAL AND CONNECTS IT TO AN OUTPUT SOCKET.

TEGAN ROUNDS THE CORNER AND SEES KAMILION)

TEGAN: What are you doing?

(KAMILION SPEAKS USING THE DOCTOR'S VOICE)

KAMILION: Furthering my education. Learning about The Tardis.

TEGAN: Does the Doctor know you're tapping the computer?

KAMILION: Of course. I won't do it any harm. You forget, I'm benign.

TEGAN: So the Doctor says. But you still give me the willies. Especially when you use that voice. Can't you find another?

(KAMILION ADOPTS
TURLOUGH'S VOICE
AND USES IT UNTIL
THE END OF THE
SCENE)

KAMILION: Would you prefer this?

TEGAN: That's even worse.

(SUDDENLY THE
TARDIS SHUDDERS)

What's happening.

KAMILION: I don't know.

(THE TARDIS
SHUDDERS AGAIN)

I think you should go to the console room.

TEGAN: Are you coming?

KAMILION: No. I'll only be in the way. Hurry.

(TEGAN CONTINUES
OUT OF THE
CORRIDOR)

3. INT. WOLSEY'S PARLOUR. DAY.

(FURNISHED IN EARLY STUART STYLE.

ON THE WALL CIVIL WAR WEAPONS ARE DISPLAYED)

HUTCHINSON: I don't understand you. Every man, woman and child in this village is involved in the war game ... except you. Why? It's great fun. An adventure.

JANE: I realise that.

HUTCHINSON: Then join us. Your influence may temper the more high-spirited, prevent accidents.

JANE: I don't care if a few louts crack their heads. I'm more concerned about visitors to the village.

HUTCHINSON: That is taken care of. The village has been isolated from the outside world. No-one can leave or enter.

JANE: You can't do that.

HUTCHINSON: (BLANDLY) But it's done.

4. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH ARE FIXING CIRCUIT PANELS.

SUDDENLY THERE IS A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE AND THE TARDIS SHUDDERS.

TEGAN ENTERS)

TEGAN: (URGENTLY) What's happening?

THE DOCTOR: There's some time distortion.

TEGAN: We are going to Earth?

THE DOCTOR: The place, date and time asked for. How else could you visit your grandfather.

TURLOUGH: (CHECKING THE DIALS) We're nearly there.

THE DOCTOR: You see.

(THE TARDIS LURCHES AND ONLY THE DOCTOR MANAGES TO CLING TO THE CONSOLE, THE OTHERS BEING THROWN ACROSS THE ROOM)

We've hit an energy field. An unexpected aura for a quiet English village.

(TEGAN AND TURLOUGH SCRAMBLE TO THEIR FEET AND CROSS TO THE CONTROLS)

TURLOUGH: That was some bump.

(THE TIME ROTOR COMES TO REST)

THE DOCTOR: We've arrived.

(TURLOUGH OPERATES THE SCANNER.

THE SCREEN OPENS TO SHOW THE CRYPT AND FALLING MASONRY)

TEGAN: What's happening?

TURLOUGH: Quickly, Doctor. Relocate the Tardis.

TEGAN: Wait. Look ...

(ON THE SCREEN, A SHADOWY FIGURE IS SEEN BACKING AWAY BETWEEN PILLARS)

There's somebody out there.

THE DOCTOR: He's trapped. If there's another fall he'll be killed.

(THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE DOOR OPENING MECHANISM)

TURLOUGH: We can't go out there. Doctor!

(HE IS TOO LATE.

THE DOCTOR HAS ALREADY GONE, WITH TEGAN CLOSE BEHIND)

5. INT. CRYPT. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AND TEGAN LOOK AROUND, THE NOW STILL CRUMBLING MASONRY.

TURLOUGH APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY OF THE TARDIS)

TEGAN: He's gone.

THE DOCTOR: (CALLS) Hello! Hello?

(THE FIGURE DARTS BEHIND A NEARBY PILLAR.

HIS CLOTHES ARE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY)

Wait please!

(HE HURRIES AFTER THE MAN)

TEGAN: Look at his clothes. We're in the wrong century!

TURLOUGH: We're not. I checked the time monitor. It is 1984

(TEGAN RUNS AFTER THE DOCTOR.

TURLOUGH LOOKS
APPREHENSIVELY
AROUND, THEN
FOLLOWS)

THE DOCTOR: Let's take a look around.

(HE RUNS UP THE
STEPS, FOLLOWED
BY THE OTHERS.

THE MAN STEPS
FROM BEHIND A
PILLAR.

FOR THE FIRST
TIME WE CAN SEE
HIS FACE: ONE
SIDE HAS BEEN
SHATTERED AND
THE EYE BADLY
DAMAGED, GIVING
HIM A GROTESQUE,
LOPSIDED LOOK)

6. INT. CHURCH. NAVE. DAY.

(THE TRIO ON THE MOVE.

THE NAVE IS SHABBY AND NEGLECTED, UNUSED FOR A LONG TIME.

PILES OF RUBBLE AND GENERAL DEBRIS ARE SCATTERED AROUND THE FLOOR)

TEGAN: He's gone.

TURLOUGH: To be able to move so quickly, he couldn't have been hurt.

(THE DOCTOR PAUSES AND RUNS HIS FINGERS OVER A CARVED BENCH END)

THE DOCTOR: Interesting.

(THE WORN CARVING SHOWS A MAN RETREATING FROM A DISTORTED MASK-LIKE, INHUMAN IMAGE.

TEGAN LOOKS AT IT AND SHIVERS)

TEGAN: I don't like it.

THE DOCTOR: Then admire the craftmanship ... Seventeenth century ... probably on the theme of Man being chased by the Devil. (BEAT) I must admit I've never seen one quite like that before.

(THEY MOVE ON UNTIL THEY COME TO A HUGE CRACK IN THE SIDE WALL)

TEGAN: It looks as though a bomb hit the place.

TURLOUGH: Maybe it did.

TEGAN: (CONCERNED) Can we find my grandfather.

(TEGAN CROSSES TO THE MAIN DOOR FOLLOWED BY THE OTHERS.

THE CRACK IN THE WALL GROANS)

TURLOUGH: What was that?

THE DOCTOR: (SMILES) A ghost?

(THEY EXIT FROM THE CHURCH. AS THEY DO, SMOKE BELCHES FROM THE CRACK)

TELECINE 2:

a) Ext. Church. Day.

THE DOCTOR, TEGAN and TURLOUGH walk along the path towards the Lych gate.

TEGAN: Why did they build the church so far from the village.

TURLOUGH: Perhaps they were refused planning permission.

THE DOCTOR: Behave yourselves. We have company.

The GROUPS POV a stationary HORSEMAN on the skyline.

b) Ext. Meadow. Day.

As the TRIO passes through the Lych gate, FOUR TROOPERS break cover and gallop down the hill.

TURLOUGH: We should go back.

THE DOCTOR glances over his shoulder.

His POV TWO ARMED SOLDIERS on the path behind them.

THE DOCTOR: Too late.

THE TROOPERS are on them, herding the TRIO like cattle.

Cornered against the churchyard wall, WILLOW joins the TROOPERS.

WILLOW: Where do you think you're going? This is Sir John Hutchinson's land.

THE DOCTOR: If we are trespassing I apologise.

WILLOW: Little Hodcombe, for your own safety, is a closed area. We're in the middle of a War Game.

TEGAN: (ANXIOUS) We're here to visit my Grandfather.

WILLOW: You'd better see Sir John. He can sort this out. Move out!

THE GROUP moves out across the meadow.

c) Ext. Churchyard. Day.

THE HALF-BLIND MAN, who was in the crypt, lurks behind a gravestone watching the Doctor's PARTY go on their way.

7. INT. WOLSEY'S PARLOUR. DAY.

(WOLSEY AND JANE ARE THERE AS BEFORE.

THE OUTSIDE DOOR IS PUSHED OPEN AND THE DOCTOR, TEGAN AND TURLOUGH ENTER, ESCORTED BY WILLOW)

WOLSEY: What's going on?

WILLOW: (CURTLY) Trespassers, Colonel. I've arrested them.

JANE: (TO WOLSEY, OUTRAGED) I don't believe it.

WOLSEY: (TO WILLOW, EMBARRASSED) Are you sure you should be doing this?

WILLOW: Sir John has been informed.

(WILLOW CROSSES TO THE DOOR AND STANDS BY IT)

WOLSEY: I'm sorry about this. Some of the men do get a bit carried away. We'll soon have this business cleared up and you safely on your way.

THE DOCTOR: Thank you. (cont ...)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) (LOOKS AROUND) A very impressive room, Colonel.

WOLSEY: My pride and joy.

THE DOCTOR: Seventeenth Century?

WOLSEY: Yes. It's perfect in every detail.

(ON TEGAN WHO MOVES TO JANE)

TEGAN: What is going on?

JANE: Don't ask me. Everyone's gone mad.

TEGAN: My grandfather mentioned how keen the village was on war games, but I had no idea they took it this far.

JANE: Who is he. I expect I know him.

TEGAN: Andrew Verney.

WILLOW: Verney? (TO WOLSEY) It seems we'll be able to keep this event in the family.

JANE: He's disappeared.

TEGAN: When?

JANE: We think a few days ago.

TEGAN: Has anything been done to find him?

THE DOCTOR: Calm down. I'm sure we can sort things out.

TEGAN: (ANNOYED) Calm down! These lunatics may have harmed him.

(WITHOUT WARNING SHE RUNS OUT THROUGH THE DOOR)

THE DOCTOR: Tegan! Come back! Stop her, Turlough!

(TURLOUGH FOLLOWS)

WILLOW: Stay where you are.

(HE AIMS A PISTOL AT THE DOCTOR)

TELECINE 3:

a) Ext. Farmhouse. Day.

TURLOUGH coming out of the farmhouse.

b) Ext. Farmyard. Day.

TEGAN is running towards the barn. As she arrives she stops to get her breath back.

Suddenly a hand reaches out of the blackness inside and snatches her handbag.

TEGAN shrieks with fright.

TEGAN: (SHOUTS INTO THE BARN) What are you doing? Give me that back!

Without thinking she goes in.

8. INT. BARN. DARK.

(TEGAN, JUST INSIDE,
SQUINTS IN THE
GLOOM.

THERE IS NEITHER
SOUND NOR MOVEMENT.

TEGAN MOVES DEEPER
INTO THE BARN.

AS SHE DOES THE
HEAVY DOOR SLAMS
SHUT BEHIND HER)

9. INT. WOLSEY'S PARLOUR. DAY.

(HUTCHINSON ENTERS AND SEES THE DOCTOR BEING HELD AT GUN POINT)

HUTCHINSON: (TO WILLOW) What's this?

WILLOW: He tried to escape, sir.

HUTCHINSON: He isn't a prisoner. You must treat visitors with more respect.

(WILLOW LOOKS AWKWARDLY AT THE DOCTOR AND LOWERS HIS GUN)

THE DOCTOR: What is going on?

HUTCHINSON: A celebration. On thirteenth of July, sixteen hundred and forty three, the English Civil War came to Little Hodcombe. A Parliamentary force and a regiment for the King destroyed each other - and the village.

THE DOCTOR: And you're celebrating that?

HUTCHINSON: And why not? It's our heritage?

JANE: They're all mad.

HUTCHINSON: Miss Hampden, disagrees with our activities.

THE DOCTOR: (EYES WILLOW) I can understand why.

HUTCHINSON: Who are you?

THE DOCTOR: I'm known as the Doctor.

(HUTCHINSON LOOKS THE DOCTOR UP AND DOWN)

HUTCHINSON: Are you a member of the theatrical profession.

THE DOCTOR: No more than you are.

HUTCHINSON: How did you get into the village?

THE DOCTOR: (BIG BLUFF) Through the woods. Via the church.

WILLOW: It's where I found him.

HUTCHINSON: I would keep clear of the church if I were you. It's very dangerous. Could fall down at any moment.

THE DOCTOR: So I noticed.

HUTCHINSON: I suppose as you're here, you must stay for the War Games. It's our final battle.

THE DOCTOR: Love to. But first I must find my friends Turlough and Tegan. And her grandfather. I gather he's disappeared. Good day.

(HE EXITS.

WILLOW RUSHES TO THE DOOR AFTER THE DOCTOR)

HUTCHINSON: Wait!

WILLOW: Tegan is Verney's grandaughter.

(WILLOW PAUSES)

HUTCHINSON: Double the perimeter guard. He mustn't get out of the village ... (SMILES) And help him find Verney's grandaughter.

WILLOW: (GRINS) Right.

HUTCHINSON: I've something rather special in mind for her.

JANE: Detaining people againt their will is illegal, Sir John. The Doctor and his friends included.

HUTCHINSON: I wouldn't let that worry you, Miss Hampden. As the local magistrate, I shall find myself quite innocent.

10. INT. BARN. DAY.

(TEGAN IS STRUGGLING
TO OPEN THE DOOR.

BEHIND HER SHE HEARS
A NOISE AND TURNS
AND SEES LIGHTS
GLITTERING.

AND BEGINNING TO FORM
INTO A TORSO)

TEGAN: (PANICKING) Oh no.

(TORSO STARTS TO GROW
LEGS.

TEGAN SNATCHES UP A
TURNIP KNIFE.

SHE LOOKS UP AND
SEES STARING DOWN
AT HER A FACE THAT
SEEMS TO BELONG TO
THE TORSO: GAUNT,
FILTHY, BLEEDING,
WAXEN.

THIS IS MORE THAN
SHE CAN STAND.

SHE SHRIEKS AND TURNS
TO THE DOOR.

STILL IT WON'T BUDGE)

(DESPERATE) Come on! (cont ...)

(SUDDENLY THE DOOR
OPENS, PUSHED FROM
THE OTHER SIDE, AND
TEGAN RUNS SLAP
INTO TURLOUGH)

TEGAN: (cont) It's you.

TURLOUGH: What's happening?

TEGAN: Later, let's get away from here first.

(THEY EXIT)

TELECINE 4:

THE DOCTOR on the move.

He looks around.

The street is deserted.

THE DOCTOR: (CALLS) Tegan ... Turlough ...

Out of nowhere, it seems, the HALF-BLIND MAN lurches past with Tegan's handbag.

THE DOCTOR: (SHOUTS) Hey, you - wait!

THE HALF-BLIND MAN is moving very fast.

THE DOCTOR runs after him but he disappears up an alley.

When THE DOCTOR reaches the spot he sees, far away, the HALF-BLIND MAN scuttling away from the village towards the Church.

THE DOCTOR: (ASTONISHED) How could he get so far?

Panting, he sets off again.

Ext. Village Street. Day.

WILLOW and WOLSEY, mounted on horseback and escorted by TWO TROOPERS, emerge from an alley and halt.

WOLSEY: We'll never find her. She could be anywhere.

WILLOW nods. He agrees.

WILLOW: Ask for more men.

WOLSEY: Hutchinson won't allow it. He's got everyone guarding the perimeter.

WILLOW: We're wasting out time with only four of us searching. If he wants her so badly, he's got to find extra men.

WOLSEY indicates a telephone box.

WOLSEY: Ring him.

WILLOW: Not allowed. I'll have to go back to the house.

To the TROOPERS.

WOLSEY: Keep searching. Try Verney's cottage again. She might've gone there.

The TROOPERS move off.

WILLOW: (TO WOLSEY) I'll come with you.

WILLOW and WOLSEY turn in the direction of the farm-house and move off.

11. INT. CHURCH. NAVE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
ENTERS.

HE LOOKS AROUND
THE EMPTY NAVE)

THE DOCTOR: Hallo ... I saw you enter ... All I want is Tegan's handbag. What have you done with her? I know you can hear me.

(NO REPLY.

SUDDENLY THE NOISE
OF BATTLE THAT WE
HEARD IN THE BARN.

TRUMPETS SOUND AND
DRUMS BEAT AND
HARNESS JINGLES:
THE NAVE REVERBERATES
WITH THE NOISE)

(SNIFFS) Gunpowder?

(SMOKE ISSUES FROM
THE CRACK IN THE
WALL, THE NOISES
CRESCENDO, VIBRATING
AROUND THE CHURCH
AND ROARING IN
HIS EARS.

HE CRIES OUT IN
DISCOMFORT, AND
HIS SHOUT, TOO,
GROWS INTO A
VAST ECHO THAT
PLUNGES AROUND
THE NAVE.

SUDDENLY THERE IS
A SHARP CRACK AND
A MUCH SMALLER
SPLIT APPEARS.

SLOWLY IT WIDENS.

FINGERS, TORN AND
BLEEDING, GROPE
THROUGH THE GAP.

THE ATMOSPHERE
IS ELECTRICAL.

WE REGISTER THE
DOCTOR'S CONCERN
AS TO WHAT IS
HAPPENING.

THE MASONRY BUCKLES
OUTWARDS AS AN
ARM AND THEN A
BODY FORCE THROUGH
THE WALL.

IT IS A YOUTH
IN SEVENTEENTH
CENTURY CLOTHES:
DAZED, FILTHY,
FINGERS BLEEDING,
HE ROCKS ON HIS
HEELS, SPITTING
DIRT FROM HIS
MOUTH.

THIS IS WILL
CHANDLER, A
TRUCULENT BUT
GOOD-HUMOURED
LAD, WHO SPEAKS
WITH A THICK,
ANTIQUATED BURR.
HIS EYES FOCUS
ON THE DOCTOR,
AND OPEN WIDE
IN SURPRISE)

WILL: (BELIGERENTLY) What took ee zo long? I bin in thur for ages!

THE DOCTOR: Who are you?
(cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR HOLDS OUT HIS HAND, BUT WILL RETREATS)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) I'm The Doctor.

WILL: Doctor? That bain't proper name. Will Chandler be a proper name.

(THE DOCTOR MOVES TOWARDS WILL)

Get ee off me.

(WILL IS BACKED UP AGAINST A WALL)

THE DOCTOR: I won't hurt you.

WILL: I wunt let ee.

(HE PUTS OUT AN ARM TO STEADY HIMSELF AND WINCES)

My 'and urts.

THE DOCTOR: What were you doing in there?

WILL: 'S a priest hole, inner? I 'id from vightin.

THE DOCTOR: What fighting?

WILL: (PUZZLED) What vightin'? Ho, wur you bin?

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
AT WILL CLOSELY)

THE DOCTOR: What year is it?

WILL: (GRINS) I knows that un. Zixteen unnerd and vorty ... three.

THE DOCTOR: Sixteen hundred and forty three, eh?

WILL: Is battle done?

THE DOCTOR: (GENTLY) Yes, Will. Battle's done.

(THERE IS A LOUD
BANG AS THE DOOR
IS THROWN OPEN.

WILL HIDES BEHIND
A PEW.

TEGAN AND TURLOUGH,
OUT OF BREATH FROM
RUNNING, TUMBLE IN)

(TURNS TO GREET THEM) Just in time.

TEGAN: Time? We almost didn't make it.

TURLOUGH: We've got to get away from here.

TEGAN: There's something very strange going on.

THE DOCTOR: I know.

(WILL PEERS OVER
THE TOP OF A PEW)

TURLOUGH: Who's this?

THE DOCTOR: Will Chandler?

(WILL NODS)

TEGAN: Where did he come from?

THE DOCTOR: That's something we have to talk about.

12. INT. WOLSEY'S PARLOUR. DAY.

(HUTCHINSON STANDS BY THE FIREPLACE.

HE CASUALLY PLAYS WITH A SMALL PIECE OF BLACK SPONGY SUBSTANCE.

JANE IS BY THE WINDOW. SHE HAS BEEN CRYING.

WOLSEY AND WILLOW ENTER.

HUTCHINSON SLIPS THE BLACK SUBSTANCE OUT OF SIGHT)

HUTCHINSON: Where is she?

WOLSEY: We can't find her. We need more men.

HUTCHINSON: I want Tegan, not excuses, Wolsey.

JANE: Don't listen to him.

HUTCHINSON: Shut up! You're beginning to bore me with your constant bleeting.

WILLOW: (LEERS) She doesn't understand. We must have our Queen of the May.

HUTCHINSON: Precisely. (TO JANE) Think of it as a resurrection of an old tradition.

JANE: Not the way you plan to celebrate it. You must think me a fool. I know what happens to a May Queen at the end of her reign.

WOLSEY: We're not going to harm her.

JANE: You might not ... (POINTS AT WILLOW) ... but I'm not so certain about him.

HUTCHINSON: (QUIETLY AND AUTHORITATIVELY) The tradition must continue ... Something is coming to our village - something very wonderful and strange.

(HE GOES OUT)

WOLSEY: (TO WILLOW) We must find Tegan.

JANE: You're so gullible! You do anything Sir John says. I'm going to the police. I'll soon put a stop to this.

(WILLOW BLOCKS HER WAY)

WILLOW: Shut up! Be grateful it's the stranger who is to be crowned Queen of the May. It so easily could have been you. (NASTY SMILE) Still might. If we don't find her.

(HE PUSHES JANE BACK INTO THE ROOM.

WILLOW AND WOLSEY CROSS TO THE DOOR AND EXIT.

JANE CROSSES TO DOOR JUST IN TIME TO HEAR THE LOCK CLICK.

JANE RE-TRACES HER STEPS AND TRIES THE WINDOW.

THAT, TOO, IS LOCKED.

DESPERATELY, JANE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, SHE MUST FIND A WAY TO ESCAPE)

13. INT. CHURCH. NAVE. DAY.

(TEGAN AND TURLOUGH, NOW RECOVERED FROM THEIR RUN, ARE SEATED IN THE PEWS.

WILL STANDS A LITTLE WAY AWAY, CONFUSED BY WHAT HAS AND IS BEING SAID)

TEGAN: (NODDING TOWARDS WILL) How did he get here?

THE DOCTOR: There's a confusion in time. Somehow 1984 has become linked with 1643.

TURLOUGH: What about the apparitions?

THE DOCTOR: Psychic projections.

TURLOUGH: And the man we saw in the crypt when we arrived? He was real enough.

THE DOCTOR: But still a psychic projection.

TEGAN: Images projected from the past? That would require enormous energy.

THE DOCTOR: (NODS) An alien power souce.

TEGAN: (QUIETLY) What about Will?

THE DOCTOR: A projection, too. And at the moment, a benign one.

(TURLOUGH POINTS AT THE LARGE SPLIT IN THE WALL)

TURLOUGH: That's got larger.

THE DOCTOR: Ominous, isn't it? (TO TEGAN) As is the fact your grandfather has disappeared. It's time I sought some answers.

TEGAN: Where?

(THE DOCTOR FLICKS A COIN AND EXAMINES IT)

THE DOCTOR: The village.

TEGAN: Always so scientific.

THE DOCTOR: (TO WILL) You come with me.

TEGAN: What about us?

THE DOCTOR: You'll be safer in the Tardis.

(TEGAN GOES TO SPEAK)

And don't argue.

(THE DOCTOR SHEPHERDS WILL TOWARDS THE DOOR)

TURLOUGH: You heard what the Doctor said.

(THE DOCTOR AND WILL EXIT.

TEGAN AND TURLOUGH MOVE TOWARDS THE STAIRS LEADING TO CRYPT)

TELECINE 5.

Ext. Churchyard. Day.

THE DOCTOR and WILL walk through the churchyard. WILL notices a gravestone whose faded lettering indistinctly shows the date - 1850.

WILL gasps.

WILL: (WHISPER) Tain't possible.

THE DOCTOR: Look at the others.

The path between the tombstones has led them to the door of the vestry.

The sound of horses hooves are heard.

THE DOCTOR tries the door - creakingly it opens.

THE DOCTOR: (O.O.V.) Will! Come in here.

WILL is still examining the tombstones.

Suddenly a hand grabs WILL - it is THE DOCTOR'S and he is yanked into the vestry.

As the door closes, TWO TROOPERS canter by.

14. INT. CRYPT. DARK.

(TURLOUGH AND TEGAN ARE APPROACHING THE TARDIS.

THEY HESITATE WHEN THEY SEE THAT THE DOOR IS OPEN)

TEGAN: (QUIETLY) The door.

(THEY HESITATE)

TURLOUGH: Let's take a look.

(CAUTIOUSLY, THEY ENTER)

15. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

(A GROUP OF
LIGHTS MOVE
AROUND THE ROOM,
CIRCLING AND
SHIMMERING.

TEGAN AND
TURLOUGH WATCH
FOR A MOMENT)

TURLOUGH: We're too late.

TEGAN: We must tell The Doctor!

(THEY BACK OUT
OF THE DOOR)

16. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
MOVES AROUND
THE ROOM)

THE DOCTOR: There are more tombstones here...But there's something strange about them. Come and see.

(WILL GOES TO
HIM)

Apart from battle, what happened in sixteen forty three?

(WILL LOOKS HARD
AT THE DOCTOR)

WILL: (SHUDDERS) The Malus come.

WILL: (HE IS VERY AFRAID) Malus is God o' war, inner? Makes vightin worse. Makes em hate more.

THE DOCTOR: The Malus. That's only a superstition.

WILL: (EMPHATICALLY) I zeed un!

TELECINE 6

Ext. Church. Day.

TEGAN and TURLOUGH hurry out of the church and look around.

There is no sign of The Doctor.

TURLOUGH: Now where?

TEGAN: He said he was going to the village.

TURLOUGH: Let's go. But watch out for those horsemen.

They set off towards the village.

17. INT. VESTRY. DAY.

(AS BEFORE.

WILL IS A LITTLE CALMER)

THE DOCTOR: Tell me what happened. How did the Malus appear?

WILL: Roundheads an' Cavaliers wur vightin' in church - an' thur was wind comin', such wind! Then Malus ... Ee come from nowhere.

(HE WHIMPERS)

THE DOCTOR: What did it look like?

(WILL LOOKS AT HIM. THERE ARE TEARS IN HIS EYES)

(PRESSING HIM) Like this?
(cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR POINTS TO A CARVING ON A CORNER OF A TOMBSTONE. THE SAME GROTESQUE IMAGE AS THE BENCH END CARVING INSIDE THE CHURCH.

WILL GASPS AND
BACKS AWAY IN
FRIGHT.

THE DOCTOR PRESSES
THE IMAGE, AND THE
STONE MOVES)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Interesting.

(HE TUGS AND IT
CREAKS AND MOVES
A LITTLE MORE,
SUDDENLY IT GIVES,
SWIVELS TO REVEAL
STEPS LEADING
DOWN)

Come on, Will.

(HE GOES DOWN,
WILL HANGS BACK)

WILL: I ain't goin' thur.

THE DOCTOR: There's nothing
to be afraid of.

WILL: No! Had enough o'
the dark ...

(HIS WORDS BECOME
A WAIL AS THE
DOCTOR GRABS HIS
ARM AND PULLS
HIM DOWN INTO:)

TELECINE 7:

Ext. Village Street. Day.

TEGAN and TURLOUGH on the move. The street is empty.

TEGAN: It's eerie.

TURLOUGH: Where is everyone?

Suddenly, WILLOW and TWO TROOPERS, emerge from a side road, see the DUO and canter towards them.

TEGAN: (QUIETLY) Oh no.

TURLOUGH: Run!

The DUO become separated.

TEGAN runs up one alley, and TURLOUGH up another.

The TROOPERS halt.

WILLOW directs them after TURLOUGH, he himself rides down the alley after TEGAN.

Panicking, TEGAN reaches the end of the alley just ahead of him - and runs into the arms of the ironclad WOLSEY.

WOLSEY grabs TEGAN as WILLOW reaches them.

TEGAN: (STRUGGLING) Let me go!

WILLOW: (LEERS) Not yet, my dear.

WOLSEY: Do you have to enjoy this sort of thing quite so much?

WILLOW: Just obeying orders, Colonel.

WOLSEY: That is what they all say.

He leads TEGAN away.

Furious, WILLOW urges his horse back up the alley.

18. INT. WOLSEY'S PARLOUR. DAY.

(JANE IS EXAMINING THE WINDOW LOCK.

SHE CROSSES TO THE WALL NEXT TO A TAPESTRY AND REMOVES AN ORNAMENTAL MACE. HER INTENTION TO SMASH THE WINDOW.

AS SHE FIDDLES WITH THE MACE, JANE NOTICES THAT THE TAPESTRY IS GENTLY MOVING AS THOUGH BLOWN BY A DRAFT OF AIR.

CAREFULLY SHE PULLS BACK THE DRAPE AND REVEALS A PANEL WHICH IS SLIGHTLY AJAR.

AS THOUGH EXPECTING TROUBLE SHE PUSHES THE DOOR OPEN.

AS SHE DOES, THE LOCK OF THE PARLOUR DOOR RATTLES AS A KEY IS INSERTED.

JANE CAUTIOUSLY ENTERS)

19. INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE.
MANOR HOUSE END. DARK.

(A STONE SPIRAL
STAIRCASE, DESCENDS
INTO THE GLOOM.

JANE TRIES TO
CLOSE THE PANEL,
BUT SHE HEARS
THE DOOR OF THE
PARLOUR OPEN)

20. INT. WOLSEY'S PARLOUR. DAY.

(HUTCHINSON ENTERS
THE ROOM WITH
TWO TROOPERS.

HE SEES THE
OPEN PANEL)

HUTCHINSON: Fool! After her.

(THE TRIO CROSS
TO THE PANEL AND
ENTER THE PASSAGE)

21. INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE.
MANOR HOUSE END. DARK.

(THE DOCTOR AND WILL
CREEP WARILY ALONG.

THEY COME TO THE
SPIRAL STAIRCASE)

THE DOCTOR: Stay close, Will.

(SUDDENLY THERE ARE
NOISES OF FEET
ECHOING ON THE STEPS.

THE DOCTOR PUSHES
WILL BEHIND THE
STEPS AND WATCH.

JANE COMES STUMBLING
DOWN STEPS.

SHE PAUSES AND LOOKS
AROUND, PANICKING.

BEHIND HER WE HEAR
THE SHOUTS OF
HUTCHINSON AND THE
TROOPERS)

In here!

(HE REACHES OUT AND
DRAGS HER INTO HIDING.

THEY ARE JUST IN TIME.

HUTCHINSON AND THE
TWO TROOPERS ALSO
LUMBER DOWN THE STEPS)

WILL: (HISSES) Them be troopers!

THE DOCTOR: Only twentieth century men playing a particularly nasty game.

22. INT. WOLSEY'S HOUSE. BOX-ROOM. DAY.

(THE SMALL ROOM IS EMPTY BUT FOR A CHAIR WITH A MAY QUEEN DRESS DRAPED OVER IT.

THE DOOR OF THE ROOM OPENS AND TEGAN IS PUSHED IN)

WILLOW: Change into that.

(HE INDICATES THE DRESS)

TEGAN: Why?

WILLOW: Just do as you're told ... Unless you want me to do it for you?

(WILLOW CLOSES THE DOOR.

TEGAN STARES AT THE MAY QUEEN DRESS THEN PICKS IT UP)

23. INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE. DAY.

(WALKING, HUTCHINSON AND TROOPERS RETURN)

HUTCHINSON: She won't get far. The village is sealed.

(THEY WALK OUT OF FRAME AND WE SEE THE DOCTOR, WILL AND JANE CROUCHING IN THE SHADOWS)

JANE: (WHISPERS) It's not like Sir John to give up so easily.

THE DOCTOR: Be grateful ... Where do the steps lead?

(THEY STAND UP)

JANE: Colonel Wolsey's house. (SUDDEN THOUGHT) This must be the tunnel Andrew Verney discovered. He's our local historian.

THE DOCTOR: So Tegan tells me.

(THE DOCTOR NOTICES SOMETHING ON THE GROUND)

(BENDING DOWN) Interesting.

(THE DOCTOR HOLDS UP A LUMP OF BLACK, SPONGY SUBSTANCE.

JANE EXAMINES IT)

JANE: What is it?

THE DOCTOR: Metal.

(JANE LOOKS AT THE SUBSTANCE AGAIN)

JANE: Can't be, it's spongy.

THE DOCTOR: It's Tinclavic.

JANE: Tinclavic ...? What is it? Where does it come from?

THE DOCTOR: (TAKES A DEEP BREATH) The planet Raaga. Let's go back to the church.

(THE DOCTOR AND WILL HURRY OFF.

JANE STANDS FOR A MOMENT STARING AT THE BLACK SUBSTANCE IN AMAZEMENT.

SHE THEN HURRIES OFF AFTER THE DOCTOR)

24. INT. WOLSEY'S HOUSE.
BOX-ROOM. DAY.

(TEGAN IS DRESSED AS A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY QUEEN OF THE MAY, AND IS NOT HAPPY.

WILLOW ENTERS)

TEGAN: Don't you ever knock before entering a room?

WILLOW: Depends what I expect to find.

(HE REMOVES TEGAN'S OWN CLOTHES FROM THE CHAIR)

TEGAN: What are you doing?

WILLOW: Those are your clothes now. Compliments of Sir John Hutchinson. You're our Queen of the May.

TEGAN: What?

TELECINE 8.

Ext. Village Green.
Day.

TURLOUGH, dodging in and out of doorways, is warily approaching the village green, where TROOPERS, are carrying and heaping brushwood into a pyre.

This, to Turlough's horror, he clocks.

25. INT. CHURCH. NAVE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR, JANE AND WILL ENTER THROUGH THE VESTRY DOOR)

JANE: Doctor, will you slow down.

(THE DOCTOR OBLIGES)

What do you mean, this stuff comes from the planet Raaga?

THE DOCTOR: Precisely what I say. The Terileptils mine Tinclavic for more or less exclusive use by the people of Hakol - that's in the star system Rifter, you know.

JANE: (DESPAIRS) Oh, no. I've escaped from one mad man only to find another. You expect me to believe what you're saying?

THE DOCTOR: Take that sample to any metallurgist. They'll confirm it isn't of this planet.

(JANE STUDIES THE DOCTOR FOR A MOMENT)

JANE: You're serious.

THE DOCTOR: Never more so.

(JANE IS CONFUSED)

JANE: All right ... For the sake of argument I accept what you say. So how did it get to Little Hodcombe?

THE DOCTOR: As part of a space vehicle.

JANE: A space ship from Hakol landed here? Is that what you're saying?

THE DOCTOR: More likely a computer controlled re-connaissance probe.

JANE: How foolish of me not to know.

THE DOCTOR: (SUDDEN THOUGHT) Of course! Was Andrew Verney engaged in any re-search concerning the Malus?

JANE: I believe so.

THE DOCTOR: It's what must have lead him to the tunnel and the remains of the Hakol probe.

WILL: I's zeed the Malus.

THE DOCTOR: I believe you, Will. My sincerest apologies for ever doubting you.

(WILL SMILES)

JANE: Doctor, the Malus is a legend, a myth, some mumbo-jumbo tied up with psychic projection.

THE DOCTOR: That is precisely what Will saw. On Hakol, psychic energy is a force that has been harnessed and is used in the same way electricity is here.

JANE: So how does that tie in with the Malus legend?

THE DOCTOR: The thing you call the Malus was on board the probe.

(JANE LOOKS AROUND UNEASILY)

JANE: I see ... And it's still here?

(THE CRACK IN THE WALL GROANS.

JANE LOOKING AT THE CRACK)

That wasn't there the other day.

(THE CRACK IS MUCH WIDER THAN WHEN WE LAST SAW.

SUDDENLY THE CRACK JERKS WIDER AND WISPS OF SMOKE START TO DRIFT FROM IT.

THE DOCTOR CROSSES TO THE CRACK AND JABS THE WALL NEAR IT)

WILL: Dunna! Oh, dunna touch un!

JANE: (VERY SCARED) He's right, Doctor. There's suddenly a very strange atmosphere in here.

(A CHUNK OF PLASTER BREAKS OFF)

THE DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) Hello.

(HE BRUSHES AWAY FLAKES, REVEALING PART OF A COLOSSAL MOUTH)

(CALLS) Come and look at this.

WILL: I's not.

(IMMEDIATELY A RUMBLE STARTS DEEP IN THE WALL AND ROARS AT GREAT SPEED TO THE SURFACE.

WITH A SOUND LIKE AN EXPLOSION, THE CRACK SPLITS WIDE OPEN AND FLIPS UP LIKE A HUGE EYELID.

A BALEFUL, GIGANTIC EYE GLARES AT THE DOCTOR)

JANE: Look out! (cont ...)

(SUDDENLY BLACK SMOKE POURS FROM THE CRACK AND ENVELOPES THE DOCTOR)

JANE: (cont) (SCREAMS)
Doctor!

SUPOSE CAM Closing Titles:

FADE OUT